

S. A. GARNES AND BRO.

NORTH END RAILROAD AVENUE

SHINER, TEXAS.



These gentlemen are prepared to fit you out in first-class style in the line of family Groceries, toilet articles and glassware. They also deal in all kinds of country produce. Best of attention paid to customers; free delivery to all parts of the city. Give them a call and look over their large stock of fresh staple and fancy groceries.

Dilworth Doings.

DILWORTH, TEXAS.

EDITOR GAZETTE:

We have very little news this week, but such as we have, we give unto you.

John Moore, soon of Mr. D. Moore, got his hand burned very bad a few days ago. His hand was sore and the bandage on it was saturated with spirits of turpentine. He struck a match to light his cigarette, and the bandage on his hand caught fire from the match, and before he could take the bandage off his fingers were burned to the bone, but Dr. Minton says he thinks he can save them. John says he is through with cigarettes.

It seems that the officers of Gonzales are out rustling. I hear that Boss Cole and Coleman corralled about 26 at a supper near Thompsonville last Thursday night playing cards. There were seven or eight white men and the rest colored. They marched them to Waelder Friday morning.

Mrs. Stephens and Mr. Kennard's little daughter left last Monday for Navasota.

Mr. Homer Haynes and family are on a visit to his brother, R. Haynes.

I hear that several parties and perhaps a wedding are on hand this week.

From the amount of Christmas toys that Mr. Sinderman is selling this week, the children are going to have a grand Christmas.

DILWORTH.

Nickel Cullings.

NICKEL, TEXAS.

EDITOR GAZETTE:

DIED—Dec 17th at 8 o'clock, son of Mr. A. L. May, aged 14 years. Will be buried at or near Whitesboro, in the south-western portion of Gonzales county, near Mr. Moy's old home. We extend to the bereaved family our sympathy.

Wood hauling is still going on. Some of it goes to Shiner, but most of it goes to Moulton. Alfred Griffin has been hauling to Moulton, also the Bunting boys, and they are still hauling from two to four cords daily.

It seems that the mysterious rumors spoken of last week were correct, for I have the papers for it in the shape of an invitation. The only thing bothering our people now, is as to the number of couples whether only one or one dozen.

R. Meyers, our constable, has been sick with laryngitis or rheumatism, but we are glad to be able to inform his friends that he is better and has not lost anything in waist measure.

Joe Hughes and Miss Effie Thornton, both of your city, were driving in our city Sunday eve.

Arthur Williamson has been keeping himself in the background lately on account of a pet on his neck. I have not seen him, but I hear he will be out again in a few days.

GREEN HORN.

Wanted at Once.

A Cable forty miles long with which to fish for the bottom of the cotton market.

Columbus.

COLUMBUS, TEXAS.

EDITOR GAZETTE:

Herewith I send you a small communication from my new home, Columbus. I am doing very well and am glad to receive your paper every week, which tells me all the news of Shiner. I and two other men are kept busy and will be busy all this winter delivering fire wood, which is sold by Mr. G. Dick.

Columbus is a town about three times as large as Shiner, and the county seat of Colorado county. It has water works, electric lights, a college, seven churches and about thirty-five business firms. It is a very low country, and in the spring many people are troubled with fever. The farmers around here made a good crop of cotton and corn this year and they are beginning to break up their land now, preparing for another crop of corn and low priced cotton.

Frank Ordener, who owns a gin at Buescher, three miles from Columbus, died Thursday night. I saw him the day before at Buescher's store, where I have to pass when hauling wood. Ordener is well known to some of your Shiner subscribers.

Christmas is coming and every one is saving money for that grand time, which will be joyful and pleasant.

Success to the GAZETTE,
FRED HACKFIELD.

Fire Company.

The fire company meeting Dec. 13th was well attended. The meeting opened with President Mitnick in the chair, and several members signed the by-laws and paid up their dues to the company. Articles one and three were amended, after which a recess was taken while the lamps were being filled up. It was decided to have the Firemen's Ball in the K. P. hall instead of the Maurin hall. A committee consisting of C. K. Holchak, M. E. Wolters and Henry Sharnberg was appointed to provide music for the Ball. And a committee consisting of A. Mueller, P. Franke and A. Hammell was appointed to write to E. Maurin about the use of his hall. It was then decided to give the Ball on January 6th, instead of New Years.

With money in the treasury, a large and enthusiastic membership, good officers and everything favorable, the out-look for the Shiner fire company is most flattering.

C. S. P. S.

A Bohemian Association succeeded in organizing Sunday with 21 members. In celebration will take place Jan 7th, 1894. Following is a list of members:

T. Shandera, T. Marchak, Jos. Elisk, F. Kutach, M. Mikes, F. Jiral, W. Skalicky, Jos. Koonrok, F. Hurta, John Krneger, Joseph Macha, A. Hummel, J. F. Kopecky, Jos. Ondrej, F. Mikeska, John Picha, Jas. Bager, John Mladenka, Aug. Mladenka and Aloise Becka.

We are indebted to J. F. Kopecky for the above list of members of the new society. The election of officers has not taken place yet.

On London Bridge.

London Bridge by day, presents a great contrast to London Bridge by night. In the day, countless throngs of people, wagons, carriages etc., pass and re-pass in one continual stream. Along the walls are recesses with stone seats. Here the passerby may rest for a while amid the busy throng which forms a grand panorama and kaleidoscope of human life to the idle loiterer. About midnight traffic begins to slacken, and by 2 o'clock stillness reigns, save for the belated traveler who is hurrying home, if he has one. Did I say silence? Listen awhile; what is that constant moaning heard as we pause to gaze upon water, light up by the electric lights? Within those recesses in the walls, crouched and muddled together, are some of the outcasts and homeless ones of the great city. From them comes the moaning that is heard. Well have they cause to moan. What hopes will all their moaning bring to them? None. Rouse them one by one; ask each where they expect to get breakfast in the morning. Some may answer you with a little laugh, or an oath and say they know not. What is life to them—but one bitter struggle; oftentimes without a crust to appease their hunger. For them, life is hardly worth living, yet they cling to it with tenacity. Four o'clock chimes out from "Big Ben," and gradually a hum and buzz arises, signaling the waking of the city. Workmen begin to hurry to their day's labor. The noise and bustle arouses those who have been sleeping on the bridge, and stretching their weary limbs, and start on one continual search for subsistence. Suddenly a shriek arises. What is that to the place and looking into the river where other eyes are directed, and there is seen the form of a woman, tired of life and its constant trouble. Pushing their way through the crowd comes two or three laborers, to see what the stir is about. Without a word one pulls off his coat, jumps upon the abutment and like a flash, plunges to the rescue. The crowd, awed, sinks to silence, and eagerly watches the river for a sign of the gallant rescuer. Up he comes to the surface and with strong strokes, makes toward the drowning woman. Then a cheer goes up from a thousand throats, as he is seen to catch the frail creature and head to the bank. Willing hands grasp them as they near the wharf, and assist them in getting out. Cheer upon cheer arises and amidst the confusion, the hero of the hour pushes his way out of the crowd and is gone. All at once some one cries "who is he, where is he?" No one answers. The man has gone; waiting for nothing, conscious of having done his duty, and may be proud of his deed. He has gone, leaving no trace behind. Thus was done a heroic deed and the hero leaving name to be sounded far and wide. Of such are England's laboring classes made. Their lives are simple, but they are ever ready to do or die at the call of duty.

ALBERT SWIDEN,
Stonewall, Texas.

FOR SALE.

220 acres of splendid cotton land with one rent house, stable and cribs. Fine wells on the place. 100 acres in cultivation and 120 in grass, situated four and one-half miles from Shiner. Also a farm of 110 acres with a fine new house, well and crib. For further particulars, apply to Wm. Mulker, Shiner, Texas.

—Call and see that splendid line of dress goods at Wolters Bros.

How far is it called to the Grave.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

How far is it called to the Grave? The boy looked from his play. To the Grave? To the Grave?

I've not heard of the Grave, It must be far away. [tomb:] Naught he knew of the silent Naught he knew but his play and prayer.

Yet, the time to go had almost come, His feet were almost there.

How far is it called to the Grave? The lover looked up with a smile. How far? From the golden land of love

It must be many a mile. He could not see that his darling, With bridal flowers in her hair As he gave her the wedding token, Was almost almost there.

How far is it called to the Grave? The mother looked up with a tear. The rose in her cheek grew pale and white. [tomb:] And her heart stood still with

How far? 'Tis close to the hearth. Alas! for the baby feet. The little feet that attended

Are going with steps so fleet. And they're almost, almost there.

How far is it called to the Grave? It is only a life, dear friend, And the longest life is short at last, And soon our life must end.

But there's one who rose from the grave: Who ascended triumphant on high;

With our trust in Him we'll know no sting. Though low in the grave we lie, And we're almost, almost there.

THE SPONSOR CONTEST

Fairly Started.

Seven or Eight Candidates Already in the Field.

Who will be the Successful Young Lady?

The Sponsor Contest is already well under way, and there will be sharp competition among the Fair Candidates.

Standing of the candidates.

Name	No. of votes
Miss Emma Miller	163
" Henrietta Richter	130
" Lenora Richter	41
" Freda Wangemann	7
" Isabel Wendland	7
" Clara Littlefield	4
" Nannie Nolan	1

The contest seems to have narrowed down to the first two ladies named, and one or the other will surely be the sponsor. The contest will be a perfectly friendly one in every respect and its conduct and counting of the votes will be as impartial as possible.

The contest will close either on the 2nd or 6th, according as is agreed upon at the first meeting to-night, (Wednesday).

Joseph Ondrej,

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Canned Goods, Pickles Canned.

—AND GROCERIES.

Lunch at all hours.

Fresh City Beer always on Tap.

SHINER.

TEXAS.

G. A. PANNEWITZ,

—PHOTOGRAPHER.—

ARTIST CABINET PHOTOS—\$3.50 PER DOZEN. VIEWS OF HOUSES TAKEN ON SHORT NOTICE.

Shiner,

:

:

Texas.

ED. COLEMAN,

—DEALER IN—

Confectionary, - Fruits, - Nuts,

JEWELRY, SPECTACLES AND NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS.

SHINER.

TEXAS.

[GIVE HIM A CALL.]

City Bakery

[Daniel Boes, Prop.]

Serves meals at all hours, and keeps on hand fresh bread and cakes at all times. Candies, Cigars and Tobaccos. Lunch of all kinds. Located just across from depot.